

Animal Comics 4(a)

This story from *Our Gang* 6 originally appeared between *Animal Comics* 3 and 4.

While Pogo does not appear, this early appearance of Albert and Bumbazine is still an important early story in the development of the series. While we can't reprint the whole issue on *GAC*, please enjoy this stage in Walt Kelly's development of his most famous series.



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Bumbazine and ALBERT

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In an adventure with the Half-Jug Family



Why, hello, there,
Gran'pa Goat!
How are you?

I'm fine, Bumbazine! Come on
afishin'—an' we'll catch us a
mess of catfish for supper.



That'll be fun—
and I'll bring
along this big
basket of lunch!

Oh, boy! I
hope there's
plenty of
jelly
sandwiches.



Aha!



So—they're goin' fishin' and they have plenty of lunch—hmmm!

Well, well! I should be able to do something about this, or my name isn't Albert the Alligator!



This is the life, Gran'pa Goat—nothing to worry about 'cept fishin'!

Yep! And come noon we eats all that splendiferous lunch!



Haw—just wait!

First of all, we jus' ties these ol' hooks together

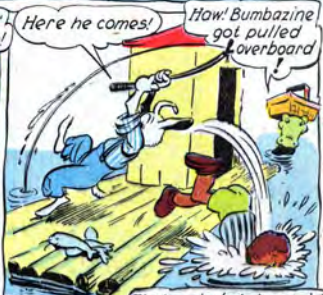
Then—a good hard pull on th' lines!

Great socks! I've got a whale!

Me, too!

Haw!





He's carryin' our lunch too far—I'll tell you that! Gee, what'll we eat now?



Well, bless me! We can fry some of the catfishes we caught. Nothin's better'n catfish!

Mm-mmm!



That's the most beautiful smell in the world!

Fella could bottle that aroma and sell it fo' a dollar a bottle!



Catfish!



Imagine! They were holdin' out on me!



Who wants ol' sandwiches when there is catfishes fryin'?



I do—and I'm glad I'm a flatheaded grosbeak!



Push, Bumbazine! I got an idea that'll settle that gator's hash for a long time!

Okay, Gramps, but where are we goin'?

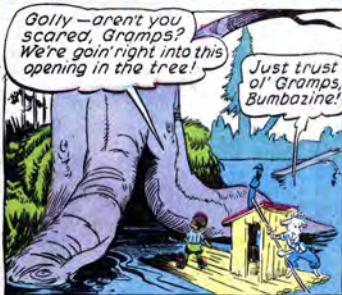


I've never been so deep in the swamp before.



Golly — aren't you scared, Gramps? We're goin' right into this opening in the tree!

Just trust ol' Gramps, Bumbazine!



Well, g-gosh, I'm scared, anyway!

Nothing to worry about. The current'll carry us along and—in a minute—



Why, hallo thar, Gramps! Ah was jes 'bout to let yo' hev both barr'ls!

A-a dwarf!

H'l'o, Weezer! I brought in a frien' of the fambly, lil' ol' Bumbazine.



It's all right, boys—come on arunnin', an' see ol' Gramps wif a frien' of the fambly!

Whut kin us Half-jug folks do fo' yo', Gramps?



We've been havin' a little alligator trouble, an' we think you can help us.

Yo' mean yo' want that ol' Albert chastised a little, I jes' betya!

Yep—that's it! We have to cure that critter of stealin' our vittles!



My sakes—I'm glad we visited the Half-jug fambly now—mmmm!

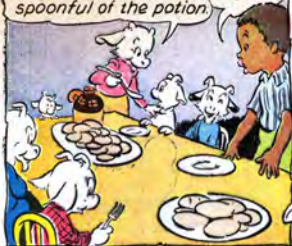
After lunch we'll figger out some devilment fo' Albert. Set you down, Bumbazine.

H'lo, there, Gramps, yo' is jest in time fo' lunch.



Before yo' lūnch, all of yo' must take a spoonful of the potion.

Golly-me, too?



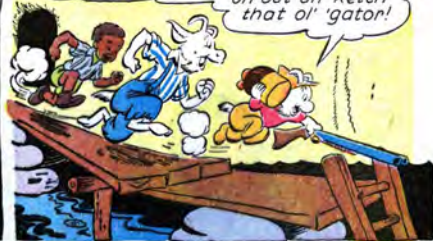
Haw-no-jes' us Half-jugs take it, cause it keeps us small so we kin wander round the swamps—otherwise we'd be regior size ol' clumsy goats like Gramps! Haw!

Golly!



Golly be jolly—that gives me an ideal! How about givin' ol' Albert a mouthful? He'd shrink for a week!

Come on! Man alive! Bumbazine has the kee-rect solution! Let's us dust on out on' ketch that ol' 'gator!

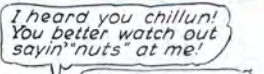
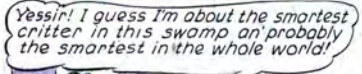


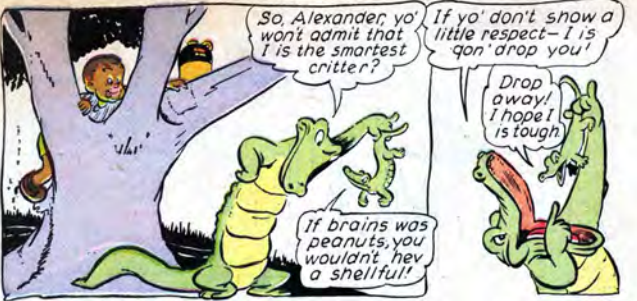
Full speed ahead!

Haw! We'll shrink that ol' 'gator down to size an' give him a proper spankin'!

Hee-hee!







So, Alexander, yo' won't admit that I is the smartest critter?

If yo' don't show a little respect- I is gon' drop you!

Drop away! I hope I is tough

If brains was peanuts, you wouldn't hev a shellful!



Then I will- Globber- glub- glubpf!



Whoops! I feel queer!



Help- I is dwindlin' away! I is disappearin'!

You is comin' down to my size!



My sakes! You sure got small!

Help!

Don't shrink no more, Albert. You is jes right fo' smackin' on the nose!



Glory be!

Come back an' fight like a alligator, Albert!

I is bein' persecuted! Halp!



Gee-Albert's out o' sight already!

Come back!



Haw-haw!

Funniest thing I ever seed!

Yes, but did you see which way he went? He's liable to get hurt!



Never thought o' that! There he goes!



All th' swamp folks wif a grudge agin ol' Albert is after him!

Haw!

He'll be et alive!

Us worms is mad at him.

We is turnin'!



Yo' kin ketch him in that jar, Bumbazine!

Against my better judgement I'll save his life!

Yassir—he's jes' got to make that turn.



Come on, Albert! Step inside an' try this on for size!

A refuge!
A haven!
A pickle jar!



Here now, you folks, calm down! You all got a peck at ol' Albert and scared him good—everybody is all square!

Aw, let us at him, Bumbazine!



How long will I be a lil' shrimp, Mr. Half-jug?

If yo' is good—about a week—but if you is stobfrapperous we'll fix yo' fo' good!

Mebbe this'll reform ol' Albert for all time!

Yo' got mo' chance of teachin' a mule to sing 'n op'ry—